

THE MEREDITH MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

MEREDITH, N. H., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1881.

NO. 3.

THE BLACK ROBE.

By Wilkie Collins.

—AUTHOR OF—

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOON STONE," "AFTER DARK," "NO NAME," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE LAW AND THE LADY," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC., ETC.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.—MRS. EYRECOULT'S DISCOVERY. The leaves had fallen in the grounds at Ten Acres Lodge, and stormy winds told drearily that winter had come.

An unwholesome dullness pervaded the house. Romyne was constantly absent in London attending to his new religious duties, under the guidance of Father Benwell. The litter of books and manuscripts in the study was seen no more. Hideously rigid order reigned in the unused room. Some of Romyne's papers had been burnt, others were imprisoned in drawers and cupboards—the history of the Origin of Religions had taken its melancholy place among the suspended literary enterprises of the time. Mrs. Eyrecourt (after a superficially cordial reconciliation with her son-in-law) visited her daughter every now and then as an act of maternal sacrifice. She yawned perpetually; she read innumerable novels; she corresponded with her friends. In the long dull evenings the once lively lady openly regretted that she had not been born a man, with the three masculine resources of smoking, drinking and swearing placed at her disposal. It was a dreary existence, and her happier impulses seemed but little likely to change it. Grateful as she was to her mother, no persuasion could induce Stella to leave Ten Acres and amuse herself in London. Mrs. Eyrecourt said with melancholy and metaphorical truth, "There is no elasticity left in my child."

On a dim gray morning mother and daughter sat by the fireside, with nothing day before them.

"Lewis is staying in town," Stella answered, listlessly.

"Is he coming to see you?"

"Stella was too dull to immediately understand the allusion. "Do you mean Father Benwell?" she inquired.

"Don't mention his name, my dear. I have rechristened him on purpose to avoid it. Even his name humiliates me. How completely the fawning old wretch took me in—with all my knowledge of the world, too! He was so nice and sympathetic—such a comforting contrast, on that occasion, to you and your husband—I declare I forgot every reason I had for not trusting him. Ah! we women are poor creatures—we may own it among ourselves. If a man knows how many of us we can resist him? Even Romyne imposed upon me—assisted by his property, which in some degree excuses my folly. There is nothing to be done now, Stella, but to humor him. Do as that detestable priest does, and trust to your beauty (there isn't as much of it left as I could wish) to turn the scale in your favor. Have you any idea when the new convert will come back? I heard him ordering a fish dinner for Friday. Did you join him at dessert-time, profoundly supported by meat? What did he say?"

"What he has said more than once already, mamma. His peace of mind is returning, thanks to Father Benwell. He was perfectly gentle and indulgent, but he looked as if he lived in a different world from mine. He told me he proposed to pass a week in what he called retreat. I didn't ask him what it meant. Whatever it is, I suppose he is there now."

"My dear, don't you remember your sister being in the same way? She retreated. We shall have Romyne with a red nose and double chin offering to pray for us next! Do you recollect that French maid of mine, Stella—the woman I sent away because she would spit when she was out of temper like a cat? I begin to think I treated the poor creature harshly. When I hear of Romyne and his retreat I almost feel inclined to spit myself. There, let us go on with our reading. Take the first volume—I have done with it."

"What is it, mamma?"

"A very remarkable work, Stella, in the present state of light literature in England—a novel that actually tells a story. It's quite incredible, I know. Try the book. It has another extraordinary merit—it isn't written by a woman."

Stella obediently received the first volume, turned over the leaves and wearily dropped the wonderful novel on her lap.

"I can't attend to it," she said. "My mind is too full of my own thoughts."

"About Romyne?" said her mother.

"No. When I think of my husband now I almost wish I had his confidence in priests and retreats. The conviction grows on me, mamma, that my worst troubles are still to come. When I am younger I don't remember being tormented by presentiments of any kind.

Did I ever talk of presentiments to you in the bygone days?"

"If you had done anything of the sort, my love (excuse me if I speak plainly), I should have said, 'Stella, your liver is out of order, and I should have opened the family medicine-chest. I will only say now, send for the carriage; let us go to a morning concert, dine at a restaurant and finish the evening at the play.'"

This characteristic proposal was entirely thrown away on Stella. She was absorbed in pursuing her own train of thought.

"I almost wish I had told Lewis," she said to herself, absently.

"Told him of what, my dear?"

"Of what happened to me with Winterfield."

Mrs. Eyrecourt's faded eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"Don't you really mean it?" she asked.

"I do, indeed."

"Are you actually simple enough, Stella, to think that a man of Romyne's temper would have made you his wife if you had told him of the Brussels marriage?"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Would Romyne—would any man—believe that you really did part from Winterfield at the church-door? Considering that you are a married woman, your innocence, my sweet child, is a perfect phenomenon! It's well there were wiser people than you to keep your secret."

"Don't speak too positively, mamma. Lewis may find it out yet."

"Is that one of your presentiments?"

"Yes."

"How is he to find it out, if you please?"

"I am afraid, through Father Benwell. Yes, yes! I know—you don't for him as I do. He has some admirable object in view, and his eyes tell me that I am concerned in it."

Mrs. Eyrecourt burst out laughing.

"What is there to laugh at?" Stella asked.

"I declare, my dear, there is something absolutely provoking in your utter want of knowledge of the world! When you are puzzled to account for anything remarkable in a clergyman's conduct (I don't care, my poor child, to what denomination he belongs), you can't be wrong in attributing his motive to money. If Romyne had turned Baptist or Methodist, the reverend gentleman in charge of his spiritual welfare would not have forgotten—as you have forgotten, your little goose—that his convert was a rich man. His mind would have dwelt on the chapel, or the mission, or the infant school in want of funds, and—with no more admirable object in view than I have at this moment in poking the fire—he would have ended in producing his modest subscription-list, and would have betrayed himself (just as our odious Benwell will betray himself) by the two amiable little words, please contribute. Is there any other presentiment, my dear, on which you would like to have your mother's candid opinion?"

Stella resignedly took up the book again.

"I dare say you are right," she said.

"Let us read our novel."

Before she had reached the end of the first page her mind was far away again from the unfortunate story. She was thinking of that "other presentiment," which had formed the subject of her mother's last satirical inquiry. The true fear that had shaken her when she had accidentally touched the French boy on her visit to Camp's Hill till from time to time troubled her memory. Even the event of his death had failed to dissipate the delusion which associated him with some undefined evil influence which might yet assert itself. A superstitious foreboding of this sort was a weakness new to her in her experience of herself. She was heartily ashamed of it, and yet, it kept its hold. Once more the book dropped on her lap. She laid it aside and walked wearily to the window to look at the weather.

Almost at the same moment Mrs. Eyrecourt's maid disturbed her mistress over the second volume of the novel, by entering the room with a letter.

"For me?" Stella asked, looking round from the window.

"No, ma'am, for Mrs. Eyrecourt."

The letter had been brought to the house by one of Lady Loring's servants. In delivering it had apparently given private instructions to the maid. She laid her finger significantly on her lips, when she gave the letter to her mistress. In these terms Lady Loring wrote:

"If Stella happens to be with you when you receive my note don't say anything which will let her know that I am your correspondent. She has always, poor dear, had an inveterate distrust of Father Benwell; and, between ourselves, I am not sure that she is quite so foolish as I once thought. The Father has unexpectedly left us—with a well-framed excuse which satisfies Lord Loring. It fails to satisfy me. Not from any wonderful exercise of penetration on my part, but in consequence of something I've just heard in course of conversation with a Catholic friend. Father Benwell, my dear, turns out to be a Jesuit; and, what is more, a person of such high authority in the Order that his concealment of his rank while he

was with us must have been a matter of necessity. He must have had some very serious motive for occupying a position so entirely beneath him as his position in our house. I have not the shadow of a reason for associating this startling discovery with dear Stella's misgivings—and yet there is something in my mind which makes me want to hear what Stella's mother thinks. Come and have a talk about it as soon as you possibly can."

Mrs. Eyrecourt put the letter in her pocket, smiling quietly to herself.

Applying to Lady Loring's letter the infallible system of solution which she had revealed to her daughter, Mrs. Eyrecourt solved the mystery of the priest's conduct without a moment's hesitation. Lord Loring's check, in Father Benwell's pocket, representing such a liberal subscription that my lady was reluctant to mention it to my lady—there was the reading of the riddle, as plain as the sun at noonday. Would it be desirable to enlighten Stella? Mrs. Eyrecourt decided in the negative. As Roman Catholics and as old friends of Romyne, the Loring's naturally rejoiced in his conversion. But as old friends also of Romyne's wife, they were bound not to express their sentiments too openly. Feeling that any discussion of the priest's motives would probably lead to the delicate subject of the conversion Mrs. Eyrecourt prudently determined to let the matter drop. As a consequence of this decision Stella was left without the slightest warning of the catastrophe which was now close at hand.

Mrs. Eyrecourt joined Stella at the window.

"Well, my dear, is it clearing up? Shall we take a drive before luncheon?"

"If you like, mamma."

She turned to her mother as she answered. The light of the clearing sky, at once soft and penetrating, fell full on her. Mrs. Eyrecourt, looking at her as usual, suddenly became serious; she studied her daughter's face with an eager and attentive scrutiny.

"Do you see any extraordinary change in me?" Stella asked, with a faint smile.

Instead of answering, Mrs. Eyrecourt put her arm round Stella with a loving gentleness, entirely at variance with any ordinary expression of her character. The worldly mother's eyes rested with a lingering tenderness on the daughter's face.

"Stella," she said softly, and stopped at a loss for words for the first time in her life.

After a while she began again.

"Yes; I see a change in you, she whispered; 'an interesting change which tells me something. Can you guess what it is?'"

Stella's color rose brightly and faded again. She laid her head in silence on her mother's bosom. Worldly, frivolous, self-interested, Mrs. Eyrecourt's nature was the nature of a woman, and the one great trial and triumph of a woman's life, appealing to her as a trial and a triumph soon to come to her own child, touched fibers under the hardened surface of her heart, which were still unprofaned.

"My poor darling," she said, "have you told the good news to your husband?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He doesn't care now for anything that I can tell him."

"Nonsense, Stella! You may win him back to you by a word—and you hesitate to say the word? I shall tell him!"

Stella suddenly drew herself away from her mother's dressing arm.

"If you do," she cried, "no words can say how inconsiderate and how cruel I shall think you. Promise, on your word of honor, promise you will leave it to me!"

"Will you tell him yourself if I leave it to you?"

"Yes—at my own time. Promise!"

"Hush, hush; don't excite yourself, my love! I promise. Give me a kiss. I declare I am agitated myself!" she exclaimed, falling back into her customary manner. "Such a shock to my vanity, Stella—the prospect of becoming a grandmother! I really mustering for Matilda, and take a few drops of lavender. Be advised by me, my poor dear, and we will turn the priest out of the house yet. When Romyne comes back from his ridiculous retreat—after his fasting and flagellation, and hear how he knows what besides—then bring him to his senses; then is the time to tell him. Will you think of it?"

"Yes; I will think of it."

"And one word more before Mailda comes in. Remember the vast importance of having a male heir to Vange Abbey. On these occasions you may practice with perfect impunity on the ignorance of the men. Tell him you're sure it's going to be a boy!"

CHAPTER II.—THE NEED IN SOWN.

Situated in a distant quarter of the vast western suburb of London, the house called the Retreat stood in the midst of a well-kept garden, protected on all sides by a high brick wall. Excepting the grand gilt cross on the roof of the chapel nothing revealed externally the devoted purpose to which

the Roman Catholic priesthood had dedicated the building.

But the convert privileged to pass the gates left Protestant England outside, and found himself, as it were, in a new country. Inside the Retreat the paternal care of the church took possession of him; surrounded him with monastic simplicity in his neat little bedroom, and dazzled him with devotional splendor when his religious duties called him into the chapel. The perfect taste—so seldom found in the modern arrangement and decoration of convents and churches in southern countries—showed itself here, pressed into the service of religion in every part of the house. The severest discipline had no sordid and hideous side to it in the Retreat. The inmates fasted on spotless table-cloths, and handled knives and forks (the humble servants of half-filled stomachs) without a speck on their decent brightness. Points which kissed the steps of the altar (to use the expressive Oriental phrase), "eat no dirt." Friends, liberal friends, permitted to visit the inmates on stated days, saw copies of famous Holy Families in the reception-room which were really works of art, and trod a carpet of staidly modest pretensions, exhibiting pious emblems beyond reproach in color and design. The Retreat had its own artesian well; not a person in the house drank impurity in his water. A faint perfume of incense was perceptible in the corridors. The soothing and mysterious silence of the place was intensified rather than disturbed by soft footsteps, and gentle opening and closing of doors. Animal life was not even represented by a cat in the kitchen. And yet, pervaded by some inscrutable influence, the house was not dull.

On the morning when Mrs. Eyrecourt and her daughter held their memorable interview by the fireside at Ten Acres, Father Benwell entered one of the private rooms at the Retreat devoted to the use of the priesthood. The demure attendant, waiting humbly for instructions, was sent to request the presence of one of the inmates of the house named Mortlemore.

Father Benwell's customary serenity was a little ruffled on this occasion by an appearance of anxiety. More than once he looked impatiently toward the door; and he never even noticed the last new devotional publications laid invitingly on the table.

Dr. Mortlemore made his appearance—a young man and a promising convert.

"Be seated, my son," Father Benwell said. Mr. Mortlemore looked as if he would have preferred going down on his knees, but he yielded and took a chair.

"I think you have been Mr. Romyne's companion for a few days, in the hours of recreation?" the priest began.

"Yes, Father."

"Does he appear to be at all weary of his residence in this house?"

"Oh, far from it! He feels the benign influence of the Retreat; we have had some delightful hours together."

"Have you anything to report?"

Mr. Mortlemore crossed his hands on his breast and bowed profoundly.

"I have to report of myself, Father, that I have committed the sin of presumption. I presumed that Mr. Romyne was, like myself, not married."

"Did I tell you that he was not married?"

"No, Father."

"Then you have committed no sin. You have only made an excusable mistake. How were you led into error?"

"In this way, Father. Mr. Romyne had been speaking to me of a book which you had been so good as to send him. He had been especially interested by the memoir therein contained of the illustrious Englishman, Cardinal Acton. The degrees by which his eminence rose to the ranks of a prince of the church seemed, as I thought, to have aroused in my friend a new sense of vocation. He asked me if myself aspired to belong to the holy priesthood. I answered that this was indeed my aspiration, if I might hope to be found worthy. He appeared to be deeply affected. I ventured to ask if he, too, had the same prospect before him. He grieved me indescribably. He sighed and said: 'I have no such hope; I am married. Tell me, Father, I entreat you, have I done wrong?'"

Father Benwell considered for a moment.

"Did Mr. Romyne say anything more?" he asked.

"No, Father."

"Did you attempt to return to the subject?"

"I thought it best to be silent."

Father Benwell held out his hand.

"My young friend, you have not only done no wrong, you have shown the most commendable discretion. I will detain you no longer from your duties. Go to Mr. Romyne and say that I wish to speak with him."

Mr. Mortlemore dropped on one knee and begged for a blessing. Father Benwell gave the blessing.

Left by himself again, Father Benwell paced the room rapidly from end to end. The disturbing influence in his face had now changed from anxiety to excitement.

"I'll try it to-day," he said to himself, and stopped, and looked around him doubtfully. "No, not here," he decided; "it may be talked about too soon. It will be safer in every way at my lodgings." He recovered his composure and returned to his chair.

Romyne opened the door.

The double influence of the conversion and of the life in the Retreat had already changed him. His customary keenness and excitability of look had subsided, and had left nothing in their place but an expression of suave and meditative repose. All his troubles were now in the hands of his priest.

There was a passive regularity in his bodily movements, and a beatific serenity in his smile.

"My friend," said Father Benwell, cordially shaking hands, "you were good enough to be guided by my advice in entering this house. Beguided by me again when I say that you have been here long enough. You can return, after an interval, if you wish it. But I have something to say to you first, and I beg to offer the hospitality of my lodgings."

The time had been when Romyne would have asked for some explanation of this abrupt notice of arrival. Now he passively accepted the advice of his spiritual director. Father Benwell made the necessary communication to the authorities, and Romyne took leave of his friends in the Retreat. The great Jesuit and the great landowner left the place in a cab.

"I hope I have not disappointed you," said Father Benwell.

"I am only anxious," Romyne answered, "to hear what you have to say."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Substitute for Earthquakes.

Queer hold the force of habit will such hold of a man. There was old Major Doge who was a terrible victim of it. The major when a small boy went down to Fern where they have earthquakes and revolutions every ten days or so; where a man works to get his money, and a woman works to get her money, and a child works to get his money, and a dog works to get his money, and a cat works to get her money, and a pig works to get his money, and a cow works to get her money, and a horse works to get his money, and a sheep works to get his money, and a goat works to get her money, and a chicken works to get her money, and a duck works to get her money, and a fish works to get his money, and a bird works to get her money, and a beast works to get his money, and a man works to get his money, and a woman works to get her money, and a child works to get his money, and a dog works to get his money, and a cat works to get her money, and a pig works to get his money, and a cow works to get her money, and a horse works to get his money, and a sheep works to get his money, and a goat works to get her money, and a 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woman works to get her money, and a

A Well Known Lady

ESCAPES THE GRAVE, AND PRAYS FOR
HER DELIVERER.

REMARKS.
Mrs. S. A. Mellow, of Fergusville, Delaware county, N. Y., writes: "Only a few days before I commenced using the 'Favorite Remedy' in one of my spasms and sinking spells, my friends thought I was dead, and gave up the attempt to restore me to consciousness. I am confident that if I had not taken your medicine 'Favorite Remedy,' during my periods of critical illness I should never have recovered."

"That the Lord who blesses you and increases your means of doing good is my daily prayer, and may many yet unborn praise the 'Favorite Remedy' and its discoverer."

THE RUBY RIVER.

To keep the blood pure is the principal end of inventions and discoveries in medicine. To this object probably no one has contributed more signally than Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., in the production of a medicine which has become famous under the title of the "Favorite Remedy." It removes all impurities of the blood, regulates the disordered Liver and Kidneys, cures Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to Females.

When inquiring of your druggist for this new medicine, avoid mistakes by remembering the name, Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," and the price which is only one dollar a bottle, and that the dealer's address is Rondout, New York.—Ed.

G. H. H. SILSBY & SON,

(Successors to Morrill & Silsby.)

**JOB PRINTERS,
BOOK-BINDERS,
PAPER-RULERS,
AND MANUFACTURERS OF**

BLANK - BOOKS, OF ALL KINDS.

Having recently added to their extensive Job Office a Campbell fast *Cylinder Power Press* are prepared to do all kinds of *Job Printing* more expeditiously and at lower rates than formerly. Always in stock the largest assortment of *Paper, Stationery and Fancy Goods*

IN THE STATE. CONCORD, N. H.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED AT
99c. Store!

Wonderful bargains in Bird Cages, Crochets, Glass Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Jewelry, Trunk Luggage, Clocks, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Doll Carriages, Croquet, Pictures and Frames, Washes, Cards, and a large assortment of other articles surprisingly low.

Be sure to call and examine goods and prices. Goods cheerfully shown.

G. L. HOOPER.

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CONCORD, N. H.

ARLINGTON HOUSE

P. A. Roberts, Proprietor.

Cor. Causeway & Canal Sts., BOSTON.

Nearly opp. Fitchburg and Eastern Depots.

SUPERIOR ROOMS AND BEDS,
50c, 75c, and \$1.00.

Ladies' and Gents' Dining Rooms.

Open Sundays. Baggage taken from
Depot free. n25-1e-ly

Established 1847.

GARDNER COOK

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

Sash, Doors and Blinds, Window

Frames, Mouldings, Brackets,

Stair Rails, &c.

Birds and Fancy Wood Floors put out to order

SCHOOL HOUSE FURNITURE,

Apothecary Cases and Drawers, Pack

ing Cases, Hosiery Boards, &c.

LACONIA, N. H.

306-35

CENTRAL HOUSE,

LACONIA, N. H.

Is a very desirable hotel for permanent

transient boarders and also for commercial

travelers, as it is the nearest to the depot and

most convenient to all business centers. The

house is attractive and guests are always

well served at the table. MRS. M. H. FERNALD,

Proprietor. J. D. Smith, Manager.

JOHN HAWKINS,

FLORIST

—AND ARTIST—

Floral Decorator

—ALSO GROWER OF—

Choice Greenhouse Plants.

BOUQUETS, WEDDING AND

FUNERAL FLOWERS AR-

RANGED AT SHORT

NOTICE.

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Opp. Free Will Baptist Church,

CONCORD, N. H.

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For Saw Mills, Grindstones, and

Grinding Machines.

EMERY WHEELS AND

GRINDING MACHINES

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Eagle Publishing Company,



Subscriptions and other matters will be

attended to at the Meredith Post Office.

Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Envelopes
Cards, Statements, Hand Bills and all
other printing \$1.00 for 500—\$2.00 for
1,000. And the like, as low as possible.
Specimens sent free. Work guar-
anteed to be as good as sample. Good
Stock, Good Work, Satisfaction guaran-
teed. Call at, or address Meredith Post
Office.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1881.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

Mr. Worrall's barge is done.

Alonso Bickford is recovering.

The foot bridge progresses slowly.

Wm. Mead is repairing his house.

Mr. Worrall's cellar is being dug.

G. W. Smith is recovering after a
long illness.

J. D. Bartlett is at work on his
new building.

Col. Stevens is making an addi-
tion to his barn.

A. W. McDonald has been log-
ging on the lake.

Miss Mary R. True has been in
Boston and vicinity.

The band will play here Decora-
tion day for our post.

J. H. Plaisted is making improve-
ments about his house.

The interior of the Baptist
church has been cleaned.

The band now practices regularly
in the engine house hall.

Charles Prescott is building a
house near the wharf.

P. W. Heath has been making
repairs about his premises.

Mrs. G. S. Roberts is making im-
provements about her house.

S. J. Rowe, of Bridgewater, is
working in the Review office.

The Old Folk's concert by the
Baptist society occurs May 11.

Mansfield & Quimby have fixed
up their newly bought sail boat.

Our lodge was well represented
at the Plymouth lodge organization
Tuesday evening.

S. Wentworth, is building a small
barge to run with the new steamer
building at Long Island.

Our subscribers will soon each be
presented with a copy of Good Lit-
erature from the American Book
Exchange, N. Y. city.

LOCAL MARKET.

RETAIL PRICES COLLECTED EVERY WEEK.

Beans, lb., \$1.25 200

Onion, lb., 20 200

Cheese, lb., 12 100

Eggs, doz., 15 100

Lard, lb., 10 100

Potatoes, bu., 5 50

Pork, lb., 7 50

Butter, lb., 20 100

Flour, 40 100

Wheat, 40 100

Oats, 30 100

Hay, 10 100

Straw, 5 100

Apples, 10 100

Oranges, 10 100

Lemons, 10 100

Peaches, 10 100

Pears, 10 100

Plums, 10 100

Cherries, 10 100

Raspberries, 10 100

Strawberries, 10 100

Blackberries, 10 100

Blueberries, 10 100

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Blueberries, 10 100

A WONDERFULLY LIBERAL OFFER.

A delightful story book, a beautiful en-
graving and a three month's subscrip-
tion to an excellent agricultural paper,
one of the best farm and family papers
in the country, all for fifty cents.

We have received from the Farmers'
Review Co., Chicago, Ill., a copy of "The
Farmers' Review Story Book." It is a
neatly printed and handsomely illustrated
story book, bound in pamphlet form. It
contains a number of admirably selected
stories, which have appeared in the Pan-
orama Review, including "Under Life's
Key," "The Photographer's Witness," "Van-
treat the Vampire," and others, ten in
all, besides one of Will Carleton's best
pieces, "The Lightning Rod Dispenser,"
written especially for the FARMERS' RE-
VIEW, and several other valuable selected
articles on a variety of agricultural top-
ics. This most interesting and entertain-
ing, 22x28 inches, printed on fine Bristol
board, and a copy of the FARMERS' RE-
VIEW for three months, will be sent to
every person sending 50 cents to the Far-
mers' Review Co., 214 Clark St., Chicago,
Ill.

The Boston Globe has made a happy
deal. In an extraordinary special edi-
tion, dated Jan. 1, 1881, it presents the
news of one hundred years from now, in a
highly interesting and entertaining man-
ner. The "Photograph in Divorce Suits,"
"Sunday School Excursion in Air Cars,"
"Invention of a Burglar Bouncer," are
respectfully treated from the standpoint
of the advanced journalism of the future.
News by the Telegraph and Photophone
from all parts of the world is fully repre-
sented. To show the progress of those
times, the only necessary thing is to read
the "Hiram Grant's bay mare Broad St.,"
a mile in 1.37 1/4! Every one should see
this from his news dealer or from
Messrs. A. Y. & Co., of Baltimore, Md.,
by whom this edition is exclusively
controlled and owned; a copy of the Bos-
ton Globe, for 1881. Mailed on re-
ceipt of price—five cents. Treat
yourself to a grand and profitable treat
to the intellect, and a strong desire to
live on—as the poet would express it.

The Furniture Trade.

This line of business has reached great
magnitude in this city, and several firms
do a very extensive business and furnish
employment to an immense number of
men. The various divisions of the work
have been moving during late years, and
there have been constant additions to
the number of men employed. One of
the leading houses here—Paine's—oc-
cupying the large block south of the
Boston and Maine Depot, is widely
known throughout New England, and
has had a long and prosperous career.
His custom work is justly celebrated far
and wide, and his many patterns are
greatly admired. He carries by far the
largest stock in this market, upward of
\$200,000 now being on hand, made up
largely last winter. He carries a large
variety of chamber suits, sixty of parlor
suits, and dining and hall furniture in an
immense variety. Mr. Paine has recently
added novelties in fancy furniture, such
as canes, hanging cabinets, port-
folios, music racks, fancy chairs, pedes-
tals, Rogers' groups, etc., especially
adapted for wedding and birthday pres-
ents. Lovers of the ornamental and use-
ful will be well paid by a stroll
through the spacious and elegant war-
rooms.—Boston Journal.

"BOSTON INSIDE OUT."

Rev. Henry Morgan says he has or-
dered the next edition of "Boston In-
side Out," the largest printing house in Bos-
ton to print the next edition of "Boston In-
side Out," up to 20,000. Over 1000
copies of the book have been ordered, and
nearly 1000 students
They have the profits, as the book is for
reform, and not for gain. But few books
have met with more success in circulation,
and a more cheerful and healthy interest
were made to suppress it but failed.
Suits were brought against Mr. Morgan.
Morgan's appeal was attached for \$10,000,
but the suits were non-sensical. "Boston In-
side Out," "pooled their issues," to "Turn Morgan
inside out," but withdrew their stakes.
Leading papers and ministers have ex-
pressed opinion in favor of the book. They
have praised, have not praised by halves.
They make the Authors John the Baptist,
a John crying against the sins of
modern civilization. Mr. Morgan thinks it
the crowning effort of his life.
He expects to print 100,000 volumes.
Address.

REV. HENRY MORGAN, Boston.

NATURE'S TRIUMPH.

FRAZIER'S ROOT BITTERS.

If you are weak, or languid, use Fra-
zier's Bitters.

If your flesh is flabby and your com-
plexion sallow, use Frazier's Bitters.

If you are afflicted with indigestion, use
Frazier's Bitters.

If you are afflicted with the care of children,
use Frazier's Bitters.

If you have got the blues, use Frazier's
Bitters.

If you have kept late hours and lived
contrary to the laws of health, use Fra-
zier's Bitters.

If you need toning up, take Frazier's
Root Bitters.

If you have abused instead of used na-
ture's gifts, use Frazier's Bitters.

If you feel old before your time, use
Frazier's Bitters.

If life has become a burden and you
have gloomy forebodings, use Frazier's
Bitters.

If your head trembles and your eyes
have grown dim, Frazier's Root Bitters
will give you relief.

Sold by all druggists everywhere at the low
price of \$1.00 per bottle.

Frank S. Henry & Co., Sole Prop's

For sale by Eastman & Bond, West-

worth, Wholesale Agent, George C.

Goodwin & Co., Boston, Mass.

ap19-1y

PILES! PILES! PILES!!!

A Sure Cure Found at Last. No One

A sure cure for the Blind, Bleeding,
Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been
discovered by Dr. Williams (an Indian
remedy), called Dr. Williams' Indian
Ointment. A single use has cured the
most chronic cases of 25 and 30 years
standing. No one need suffer five min-
utes after applying this wonderful oint-
ment. It is a simple, safe, and sure cure.
Electricians do more harm than good.
Williams' Ointment absorbs the tumors,
always the intense itching (particularly at
night) and getting water getting water is
a positive; it gives instant relief, and
relief, and is prepared only for Piles,
relieving of the private parts, and nothing
else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Collingher,
of Cleveland, says about Dr. Williams' Indian
Ointment: I have used scores
of pills, and it affords me pleasure to
say that I have never found a medicine
which gave such immediate and perma-
nent relief as Dr. Williams' Indian Pile
Ointment.

For sale by all druggists, or mailed on
receipt of price \$1.00.

Frank S. Henry & Co., Prop's

For sale by Eastman & Bond, West-

worth, Wholesale Agents, George C.

Goodwin & Co., Boston, Mass.

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THE AMERICAN

BOOK

EXCHANGE.

BOOKS. BOOKS.

Now is the time to buy the best literature at
the lowest prices. We have on hand and are
constantly receiving the books published by the
American Book Exchange, which we are sell-
ing from three cents a book. Save your
postage and buy at our store, as I am selling at
the publisher's advertised rates. A large as-
sortment of poetical, historical, and biographi-
cal works, and juvenile books, at the lowest
prices.

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This is a verbatim reprint of the last (1880)
London edition of CHAMBERS' Encyclopaedia,
with copious additions (about 15,000 topics) by
American editors, the whole containing under
one alphabetically arranged, with such illus-
trations as are necessary to elucidate the text.
It gives an amount of matter about 15 times
more than Appleton's Cyclopaedia (price in
cloth \$3.00) and 20 per cent more than John-
son's Cyclopaedia (price in cloth \$1.50). For
the general reader it is undoubtedly the best
Encyclopaedia ever published. Write for the
price.

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all example, we offer, at less than our custom-
ary price, to those who order early, a special
inducement to those whose orders are
sent early.

Send for catalogue of books of Book Ex-
change, School Books, Teachers' Supplies, Sta-
tionery, Sewing Machine, &c. &c. Write for
Catalogue on hand and mail order.

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POORTRAITS

MADE FROM PICTURES
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000000 ARTIST 000000

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tures, of all kinds, a Specialty.

Satisfaction Guaranteed in
every case.

Annual Report

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS

MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE CO.

For the Year Ending Dec. 31, 1880.

E. W. BOND, President.

JOHN A. HALL, Secretary.

Receipts in 1880.....\$1,105,203 20

Disbursements.....991,152 31

Assets.....1,000,000 00

Liabilities.....6,201,108 98

Surplus by N. York Standard, about 1,500,000 00

Interest Receipts in 1880.....\$77,322 50

Death Losses paid in 1880.....300,306 47

Excess of Interest over Death Losses \$75,016 03

The Massachusetts Mutual is a progressive
and growing company, careful and conservative
in management, judicious in its investments,
and liberal in its transactions.

